

## high ceilings

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# high ceilings

by [souhiyori](#)

## Summary

George finally goes to visit Dream, and the two of them find out just how big their height difference is, and how much they both like it.

(or: george is embarrassed that he likes that dream is bigger than him, and dream overuses the word 'pretty'.)

## Notes

i started this bc i wanted to write a short size difference and feminization thing for these two in a slightly different way than ive seen from this fandom but... somehow it turned into nearly 12k words...oops. (its also not beta'd so if theres any mistakes, sorry bout it)

lil note: im mlm, and the way ive written these kinks are loosely based off my own personal experiences! it may not be for u if gendered/strong feminising language is smth that irks u or makes u uncomfy!! jst smth to consider!!

! im posting this knowing that the CC's featured are okay with works such as this! if this ever changes though, ill take it down !

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

They joke about it a lot, how small George is. And it *is* a joke, mostly; he's less than an inch under average height, and he doesn't look particularly short on camera.

“I’m not short, you’re just tall.” Is what he says every time, and every time Dream snorts a laugh back at him.

“I’m not though. I’m not even the tallest on the server.” Dream says as they argue about it *again*. It’s just them two in the TeamSpeak, late at night for George, and they’re just walking around and messing about on the SMP. “Wilbur is 6’5. So is Ranboo, I think, or 6’6.”

“As if.” George huffs weakly, not really arguing. Wilbur *had* been big when he’d met him, but thinking of that in numbers makes his head hurt.

“*And-*” Dream continues, “Awesamduke says he’s 6’7. I mean there’s no chance but- like- come on, just admit you’re short.”

George ignores that. “No way Sam is 6’7, didn’t you say before he was like, 6’2?”

“Yeah, yeah, when we were talking about it on stream,” he pauses, and George hears him take a swig of whatever he’s drinking. “He said ages ago that he had an inside joke with his chat that he’s 6’8 and that he’s actually 6’7, but I don’t buy it. That’s such a lame inside joke to have, why would you joke about being *one inch* taller?”

“At least I’m taller than Bad.”

“Yeah, probably.”

“What do you mean, ‘*probably*’?” George scoffs. “He’s shorter than Ant, and I’m taller than Ant, so I’m definitely taller than Bad.” His tone is admittedly a little defensive, and he rolls his eyes when Dream laughs.

“I’m excited to see who’s taller between you and Sapnap when we meet up.” Dreams smile is audible. “You guys are gonna look like gnomes next to me.”

“It’s me, I’m taller.” George know’s realistically he’s probably not, but admitting that feels like defeat.

“Nah, I bet Sapnap is, but probably not by much.”

“I’ll wear insoles to make sure.” George’s mind wanders a little. “How come in all the art people draw of all of us together, they make me *so* short in comparison to you both? At the *tallest* Sapnap is 5’10, he’s not that much bigger than me.”

“I don’t know, they like making you a little twink boy, I guess.” Dream laughs at his own words, and George laughs too, shaking his head despite the fact that his camera is off.

“Why would you say that, you’re an idiot.”

“I’ll measure you when you come to mine.” Dream ignores him, “And then when Sapnap gets here, I’ll measure him too. We’ll all measure each other so we know it’s accurate.”

“Take an inch off of Sapnap’s height when you do it, it’d be funny.”

Dream chuckles. “No, no. I mean, yeah it would be funny, but I gotta stay neutral.”

“What if you’ve been lying about *your* height this whole time?” George focuses back on his screen when he hears the sound of his avatar getting punched. Dream’s little green face is right up close, taking up most of his screen and pushing him backwards where they’re standing atop the ledge of El Rapids. “Stop it, you’re gonna, knock me off.” he punches back.

“Why would I lie? That’d just be embarrassing if I ended up being shorter.” Dream’s avatar jumps up and down a few times, hitting him again. George crouches so he doesn’t fall.

“Imagine if I was actually taller than you.”

“That’d be so weird, I can’t imagine you being tall, it feels wrong.” Dream takes another sip, noise loud in George’s headphones. “Though, it is possible that I’m actually taller than I say I am, ‘cause the last time I measured myself was ages ago.”

George finds it hard to envision what 6'3 would look like next to himself. He wonders how much 6 or 7 inches in height difference actually is, wonders how much he'd have to tilt his head to look Dream in the eyes.

He feels his cheeks flush with embarrassment when he realises Dream is going to have to look *down* at him when they meet.

“That’s not allowed. You’re not allowed to be any taller than 6’3. You better not be.”

Dream scoffs. “Guess we’ll have to find out when you get here.”

It could be the jetlag, or the nerves, or a mixture, but George barely registers the time between his plane landing and him being tugged into a bruising tight hug at baggage claim. One second he’s peering out the plane window at the runway as the plane bumps its way down, and the next his nose is squished painfully against Dream’s shoulder with his hands gripping the back of his t-shirt and Dream’s arms wrapped firming around George’s shoulders.

George is usually pretty good with travelling, but the long, uncomfortable flight has really taken the life out of him this time. The stress of check in at Heathrow, being stuck in a tiny seat for over 9 hours, and arriving somewhere new, somewhere way hotter than he’s used to where the time doesn’t match up with his body... he’s sore, tired, and he wants to lay down.

Dream is laughing where his cheek is resting on the top of George’s head, and George’s brain feels dizzy and disorientated. He doesn’t register the soreness of his nose or the way his bones already ache from Dream’s strong grip. He’s overwhelmed by the sound of Dream’s laugh, so familiar but so, so different when being let out so close to his ear, Dream’s breath warm against his scalp.

The familiar sound is accompanied by an unfamiliar smell, and George melts into both. He feels himself sway on his feet, and Dream holds him impossibly tighter. *He smells like warmth.* He wants to stay like this, brain too tired to consider doing anything else, but Dream laughing harder and lifting his head up pulls him to the surface.

He hadn’t realised he’d been speaking until he tilts his head up slightly to look at where Dream is

beaming down at him.

“Oh my god, oh my god,” His words are more breath than actual formed words, and for whatever reason he can’t stop repeating it over and over. He pauses on an in breath when Dream speaks.

“Yeah, oh my god.” His smile is so wide that his cheeks are pushing up high, his eyes squinted almost shut but somehow still glinting under the bright lights.

They stare at each other, George’s eyes wide as his mind tries to catch up. He’s in America. He’s *here*. That’s *Dream*. He licks his dry lips, and his mouth moves silently as he tries to stutter out something, anything. Watching Dream’s face just overwhelms him more, so he shoves his face back into Dream’s shoulder.

“Oh, my god,” The fabric muffles his words, but Dream hears him fine, wheezing out another laugh and dropping his head back down to rest atop George’s.

“You okay?” George can hear the smile when Dream talks. In place of a real response, he makes a weird squeak and nods, nuzzling into Dream’s t-shirt.

“The flight was okay?” One of Dream’s hands starts to rub at his back, and George doesn’t think he’s ever felt so cosy.

“Mhm.” He manages. As much as he doesn’t want to move, he becomes aware of how long they’ve been standing like this, and slowly pulls away. Dream pulls back, too, but keeps his hands holding George’s upper arms.

“You good?” He asks again, and this time George gives him a proper smile and nod.

“Tired. God, I’m so tired.”

Dream chuckles, but his eyes are fond. “You look it.” He drops his arms back to his side, and starts looking around. “D’you know where you’re bag’s supposed to come out?”

“Uhh,” George looks around too, blinking, still feeling a little ungrounded. Damn, does he need a

nap.

“Take your time, dude.”

“No, I’m alright, uh,” He brings a hand up to his mouth as he yawns, then points up to a sign hanging from the ceiling. “That way, I think.”

As they walk, Dream bumps his arm against George’s. George smiles, bumping back, then stumbling a little as Dream bumps him harder. He turns to see Dream grinning again, and he huffs.

“Why?”

“Why not?” Dream bumps again, even harder, but George is prepared and only sways a little. “You really do look small next to me, it’s funny,”

“What!?” George *pushes* Dream this time, both hands shoving against Dream’s arm hard. Dream hardly moves, and his grin morphs into more of a smirk.

“You’re weak, too, what was *that*?” Dream sounds too cocky for George to deal with in this state, so he punches Dream’s arm as hard as he can. Dream flinches at that, but his smirk doesn’t fall. They stop as they approach the rotating carousel of luggage.

“You’re more annoying in real life.”

“You’re shorter in real life.”

George is about to retort, when he spots his case.

“That one’s mine,” He points toward a dark grey hard case, one he’s borrowed off of his mum, that is making its way toward them. There’s a little blue and white scarf tied in a sturdy triple knot to the handle. His family had all tied scarfs like those to their cases when they went to Greece on holiday when George was little. *So we don’t get our luggage mixed up!* His dad had explained. The fabric was a little worn and dirty by now after years of use, but no one had ever thought to switch it

out.

Before he can move, Dream is already stepping forward and dragging the case off of the carousel for him. George pouts when Dream sets it down in front of him, holding his arms out, palms open towards it as if to say *ta-da!*

“I could’ve got it,” he’s grumbling, barely audible as he pulls up the handle. He yawns again, and Dream drapes his arm around George’s shoulder. Like this, he does feel a little small, but he keeps that thought to himself.

“Doubt it. You look about ready to fall over.” Dream steers him through the crowds and out of the airport and to his car.

George doesn’t complain this time when Dream takes his luggage from him and puts it in the boot of his car. He leans against the drivers side door, watching him, trying his best to stifle a yawn and failing. His tired eyes follow Dream’s hands where he lifts his case up and into the boot, then pushes hard on the top of the boot door to shut it.

“How far is your house from here?” He asks around another yawn.

“Like, a half hour,” Dream says, and George startles a little at the sound of the back door opening. “Get in the back, you can nap.”

“...Are you sure?” George wants to complain, wants to insist he sit in the passenger seat with Dream and they talk the whole way back like he’d imagined this going. He *wants* that, however he lets Dream drag him by the arm and gently push him into the back.

He barely registers Dream’s laugh as he flops onto his side, and doesn’t protest as Dream moves him around to try and click a seatbelt around him.

“This isn’t the most safe, but I promise I won’t crash us.” Dream tugs a little on the seatbelt, testing it’s secureness, before shutting the door and getting in the front.

George is out before they’ve left the car park.

The car slowing to a halt pulls George slightly from his slumber. He doesn't think about opening his eyes, doesn't think about where he is, just presses his face further into the seat and tries to fall back asleep.

“George?” He hears someone call, voice soft. He tries to grunt an acknowledgement, but it kind of just comes out as a breath.

“Geooorge, wakey wakey,” They talk again, and George cracks his bleary eyes open as he feels a hand gently touch his shoulder. Dream is turned around in the front seat, leaning over to shake him awake. George just grumbles, shutting his eyes again, and Dream laughs, pulling back and unclicking his own seatbelt.

“Okay, you stay here a minute, I’ll be right back.”

George listens, hearing the car door open and shut as Dream gets out, then the sound of the boot popping. Slowly he’s coming to, feeling the crick in his neck from the awkward position and the way the seat belt is digging into his hip.

The car shakes with the force of the boot being shut, and George opens his eyes again. His arms ache from laying on them weird as he pushes himself up to a sitting position, and he blinks his eyes into focus as he looks out the window.

The street is unfamiliar, houses and pavement set out different than he’s used to. It looks like how streets look in movies, he thinks distantly, before he notices Dream walking back toward the car. He opens the door to George’s side, bending down a little to stick his head in.

“I took your stuff inside,” Dream smiles, and George goes to smile back, but a yawn interrupts him.

“You’re ridiculous, how are you still tired?”

“I ‘unno,” George mumbles, fumbling with his seatbelt. “Jetlag, or something.”

Once he's unclipped it, he feels an arm circle his back and another pull his legs up from under his knees. It startles him awake and he yelps, grabbing at Dream's shoulders as Dream lifts him out of the car, standing up straight and readjusting his grip on George so he's carrying him bridal style.

"Oh my god, put me down, put me down, you're gonna drop me!" George panics, holding on to Dream for dear life. Dream laughs and kicks the car door shut.

"I won't! You weigh, like, nothing."

"Put me down, put me down, put me down,"

"You're tired, I'm helping!" Dream ignores him, holding him sturdily and making his way to his front door. George's eyes are squeezed shut, and he tries not to think too hard about how easy Dream is making picking him up seem.

He opens his eyes again when he hears a door shut behind them. He looks around, taking in his surroundings.

"I'm putting you down now, careful," Dream bends a little at the knees, tipping George to get him to stand on his own feet. George stumbles a little as he's placed down.

"Don't do that again." George says, sternly, glaring at Dream who has the smuggest grin on his face.

"Welcome to my house!" Dream ignores him again, doing a little twirl with his arms out.

George looks around the entrance, spotting his own suitcase by the stairs. There's a shoe rack with only a couple pairs of old shoes on them, and a little bowl for keys atop a tall table by the door. Turning around, he follows Dream down the hallway as the taller man gestures and explains where everything is. When they ascend the stairs and get to Dream's recording space, Dream smacks the top of the door frame as he walks in. George furrows his eyebrows, looking up.

"Why are your door frames so high?" he asks, reaching up on his tiptoes then jumping, fingers only barely touching it. "And your ceilings. Is it just your house, or are all doors and ceilings this high here?"

Dream scoffs. “You’re just-”

George interrupts him. “I’m not small! Genuinely, I can *easily* grab the door frames in England.” he reaches up again, trying to remember just how high they are back home.

“English houses must be made for hobbits.”

George steps into the room properly. It’s pretty empty, much like the rest of Dream’s house. He’s got a desk against one wall with his set up, but other than that there’s not much else to see. George looks up, shaking his head at how far up the lights are. *No wonder he echoes.*

“I’m starting to think you got a house with such high ceilings just to piss me off.”

“This is just how houses are here! What do you want me to do, lower it?”

“Yeah, lower it right now.”

George looks over to where Dream has sat himself in his desk chair, swivelling from side to side. He walks over, grabbing the back of the chair and shaking it, causing Dream to yelp. He plants his feet firmly on the ground, stopping the movement, and narrows his eyes at George over his shoulder. George smiles.

“Stay like this, actually,” he says, reaching out to pat Dream’s head, laughing when Dream bats his hand away. “You’ve lost height privileges.”

“Are you gonna make Sapnap sit down all the time when he gets here, too?”

At the mention of Sapnap’s arrival, George’s stomach briefly flushes with nervous butterflies, before it melts into excited anticipation.. He’s starting the drive down from Texas to Dream’s house tomorrow, expecting to arrive the day after. He’s *excited*, getting the whole gang together is gonna be awesome, but meeting two of your best friends for the first time within days of each other is a little nerve wracking.

“Yeah, if he’s actually taller than me.”

Dream tuts, looking away to hide his grin as he abruptly stands. He pushes his chair back with the movement, George stumbling back as it knocks into him, and walks out the room.

“Your room is over here,” he calls over his shoulder. “I made sure to give you the room with the highest ceiling.”

“Sapnap would be so jealous if he saw me.” George grins, peering at Dream as he enters the room. After being shown around, the two of them had hung out and gotten used to each other’s presence. It still felt weird to be here, in America, in Dream’s house, but it felt more comfortable and less awkward than he’d expected.

Despite it being evening, George is feeling more lively than he’d had when he’d arrived this morning, even if he is still pretty tired. Right now, he’s laying starfish on Dream’s bed, stretching his limbs out as far as they’ll go. Dream laughs, kicking his bedroom door shut and walking over to his bedside table.

“You’re right, don’t tell him or he’ll cry.” Dream sets down two cups, then turns to watch George.

“I’m in *Dream’s bed~!*” George sings, turning away and onto his side, snuggling down into Dream’s pillow. He’s on top of the covers, but the room’s temperature is perfect, not to mention how soft the duvet feels under him. He doesn’t think he’s ever been on such a comfortable bed in his life. “Sapnap *wishes* he was me right now.”

The bed dips, and all of a sudden there is a strong arm grabbing and pulling him in. He laughs, startled, and wriggles as his back is pulled flush to Dream’s chest. He leans forward as far as Dream’s grip will let him and peers over his shoulder. Dream’s chin is resting on his hand, his elbow by George’s head, and he’s smiling down at him.

“He probably wishes he was me, actually.” Dream squeezes him tighter, just this side of painful, and nuzzles his nose in George’s hair. He chuckles, and the sound and breath so close to his ear makes George shiver. “He’s always talking about wanting to cuddle.”

George turns back, settling back into the pillow. “We should take a selfie and send him it.”

“He’d have a heart attack.”

“It’d be funny,” George wriggles his arm, trapped underneath Dream’s own, down to reach into his pocket. He pulls out his phone and opens the front camera, holding it out as far as his arm can go (which isn’t far; Dream seems insistent on holding him tight).

Dream peers over George’s head at the screen and scoffs. “Don’t, actually.”

“It’ll be *funny*.” George repeats.

“My hair’s a mess,” Dream closes his eyes and shakes his head, flicking his hair, before checking it in the camera again. He huffs when he sees he’s just made it worse.

George smiles, hovering his thumb over the button. He smiles, wide enough to hurt his mouth and taps the screen. Just as he presses it, Dream ducks his head down, hiding his face in George’s hair as the shutter goes off.

“*Dreeeeeam*,” George complains, tipping his head backwards in an attempt to make Dream look up. “Why won’t you take a selfie with me~?”

“You’re gonna send it to Sapnap.” Dream lifts his head up just enough that his eyes are peeping over George’s head. “And he’s gonna send it to Karl, who’s gonna send it to Quackity, who’s gonna post it on twitter. With, like, an emoji over my face.”

George bursts out laughing. “He wouldn’t post it!”

“So you agree that he’d *have* it.” George feels Dream smile. “I don’t know how much of Quackity making fun of us for hugging I could take, especially if he had photo evidence.”

“Yeah, actually, that sounds awful.” George smiles, but grimaces at a thought. “He’d put it on

maps and put it super big somewhere on the server. He's got, like, an unlimited amount of item frames.”

“That's *all* he has. He never has any armour or tools but he's always putting pictures around, I don't get it.”

He looks at Dream through the screen and sticks out his tongue at him, laughing when Dream moves his head more in frame and does it back. George's cheeks hurt from smiling. They're just messing about, but for some reason, being able to fuck around like this with Dream *in real life* still makes him feel giddy. They make faces at each other back and forth for a moment, before Dream stops, biting his lip and smirking.

“What, why are you looking so smug for?” George tries to look over his shoulder, but Dream's grip on him makes it impossible, so he watches Dream on the screen.

“Like this,” He starts, “You look *so* tiny.” Dream looks about a second away from bursting into wheezing laughter, so George thrusts his elbow back, hitting Dream in the ribs. He gasps at the pain, but laughs anyway.

Looking at them through the screen, George hates to admit that he's right. Dream's arm is still locked firmly around his chest, his large hand splayed out just under George's throat, over his collarbones. The way he's propped up behind him makes him look like he towers over him, broad shoulders dwarfing George's own narrow ones.

George wriggles his other arm free, the one that'd been pressed between his side and the bed, and lifts it up to rest over Dream's. He pulls it back quickly when he sees just how small his looks in comparison; thin fingers and wrist looking like sticks next to Dream's.

“Oh my god, you're so red!” Dream laughs, eyes on George's cheeks through the phone screen. George huffs, clicking his phone shut and shoving it under the pillow.

“I'm not! Shut up, why are you so obsessed with me being smaller than you?” George squirms, trying to get out of Dream's grip, but he can't budge.

“It's funny!”

“It’s *not*, it’s embarrassing. You’re not funny.” He tries again to get away, but Dream tightens his arm around him and pulls him back with force, flush and tight against his chest. It almost knocks the wind out of him, the way Dream’s elbow presses a little too hard into his stomach and his hand a little too close to his throat.

“Where are you going?” Dream’s smile is audible.

“Let go!” He uses all of his weight to try and roll forwards, but all that happens is Dream’s arm jabbing painfully into him. “Ow-” He whines, cut off, opting instead to shuffle back closer to Dream to try and let up some of the pressure. Dream snickers.

“Aww, little Georgie can’t move? Too weak to escape?” Dream coos, and George can feel Dream’s chest heaving with quiet laughter.

“Dream-” he breathes, both hands coming up to grab at Dream’s where it rests high on his chest.  
“You’re hurting me.”

George flinches when Dream laughs loudly, voice way too close to his ear. He sighs in relief though as Dream loosens his grip completely, letting his hand drop from George’s chest so his arm is lazily draped over George’s waist.

George takes a deep breath, he fingers playing with the collar of his t-shirt now that Dream’s hand is gone.

“You’re the worst. I hate you.”

“No, you don’t.” Dream grins, and he starts to trace little circles over George’s stomach. George twitches a little, ticklish. “Sorry for hurting you, though. Didn’t realise you were so fragile.”

George juts his elbow back again, but Dream only laughs, burying his face into the back of George’s neck.

“I don’t forgive you.” he grumbles, and when Dream just keeps laughing, he continues. “Why are you being like this?”

Dream shrugs, and George can feel the movement behind him. “It’s funny. We joked about you being tiny, but I didn’t actually expect you to be so little.” Dream’s breath is hot on the back of George’s neck. He feels like it should be uncomfortable, but he finds himself leaning back into Dream’s touch. “I’ve dated girls bigger than you.”

George lets out a laugh of disbelief. “You’re so weird, what is wrong with you?”

Dream’s fingers move from George’s stomach over to his hip. He squeezes lightly, and George lets out a contented hum. When he’s not squeezing the life out of him, Dream’s hands feel good against him. (And if they feel good even when they *are* squeezing the life out of him, George would never admit it.)

He knew they’d end up like this sooner or later. Their not-so-ambiguous relationship online was sure to lead them here. Affection and intimacy doesn’t come easily to George, even when it’s what he wants. Dream knows this, they’ve spoken about it, over discord calls on nights where George has been up way too long as is letting himself be vulnerable.

He’s not surprised that they’re laying like this, so close, but he did expect it to take longer than a day for them to feel this comfortable. Dream *had* been pretty touchy from the get go, though, like insisting on carrying him inside, so he can’t really say this was unpredictable.

He also can’t say he doesn’t like it. He does; a lot more than he thought he would. He’s not often touchy with anyone, but having Dream pressed up against his back, his hands running over him gently, his breath on his neck...he’s enjoying himself. Maybe it’s because Dream is taking initiative, being the one to cuddle up to him rather than the other way around, or maybe it’s just because it’s *Dream*.

He’d imagined before what intimacy with Dream would feel like. He knew he’d be warm, he knew he’d *want* to hold and be held by Dream when they met, but he didn’t expect to feel so safe. Even knowing that Dream is strong, stronger than him, and could easily hurt him if he isn’t careful, George still feels a strong sense of safety that makes him want to melt back into Dream’s chest.

Dream squeezes his hip again, and nuzzles his nose into the nape of George’s neck. He twitches his nose like a rabbit when George’s hair tickles his nose, and George smiles as he feels the movement. Dream’s thumb starts to rub circles over George’s hip bone.

“This is nice.” George hates how soft his voice sounds as he says it, embarrassed by its fondness.

Dream hums an agreement. He pauses for a second, before placing a quick kiss to his nape. Immediately after pulling away, Dream nuzzles his face back into the back of his hair, and George thinks that if he could see Dream's cheeks right now, they'd probably be pink. He also thinks that his own cheeks are probably pink, too, and he tilts his head a little to open up more space on his neck, silently hoping Dream would do it again.

"What was that for?"

"What?" Dream's voice is muffled where his face is pressed against George. "Am I not allowed to kiss the homies?"

George knows it's a joke, but he can't help the way his stomach drops the tiniest bit.

"I'm just one of *the homies*? I'm hurt, Dream." George pouts, voice feigning being upset. He pouts harder when he hears Dream snicker.

"Oh sorry, sorry," His voice is dripping with sarcasm. "You got mad when I compared you to other girls I dated, I thought you didn't *want* to be my girlfriend."

George is used to hearing Dream be snarky and annoying. They all do it every day, the two of them and Sapnap messing with each other on stream and in calls, so George is a little taken aback with himself when he finds himself getting the smallest amount of butterflies. Maybe it's their position, how close and calm George feels, or the way he can feel Dreams' voice on his skin, but George can feel himself go red.

"What?" He laughs, confusion clear in his voice.

"You *do* wanna be my girlfriend?" Dream waits a couple seconds, then snorts a laugh when George doesn't say anything. "Aww, George wants to be my girlfriend!" Dream places another kiss to the back of his neck, this one more deliberate.

"What the hell..." George is smiling, but he's unsure why, and is unsure what's actually happening. "You're so *weird*. Why are you like this?"

They've yet to put a proper label on their relationship, so George doesn't really know what the correct response here is. They skirt around formalities like it's their job, so even though Dream is

joking, using a label that makes no sense, George finds himself unsure on what to say.

“You’re too small to be a boyfriend.” *There it is*, George thinks, not fully taking in what he said and just hearing the word they’ve yet to say. “So you’re like my girlfriend. Though, girls are actually often bigger and stronger than you are, so I don’t know.” Dream’s smile is pressed into his skin, and George feels like he’s short circuiting.

Something about the way Dream keeps calling him small, keeps calling him his girlfriend, keeps teasing him, it should piss him off. And it *does*, a little, but more than anything right now he just wants Dream to hold him closer and keep talking. He’s gone from messing about and goofing off to feeling all fuzzy and soft, and he’s not sure he’s ready to think too hard about what this means for him.

Dream stops his movement where he’s tracing patterns on George’s hip, and before George can think about it, he finds himself pushing his hips back as if asking him to continue. He regrets it as soon as he does it, because Dream lets out a short, loud laugh behind him.

“Oh my god, you actually like being my girlfriend. You wanna be a girl for me, that’s so cute!” Dream says around laughter, and George really wishes he could reach back and smack him.  
“George, you’re such a freak!”

“*I’m the freak?!*” George’s voice comes out louder than he expected, voice cracking. “*You’re* the one who keeps calling me a girl!”

“Well, yeah, can you blame me when I have to treat you so gently.” Dream contradicts himself by squeezing George’s hip hard, holding his grip until George makes a whine in protest.

George pushes his hips back again, this time trying to let up the pressure, pressing back against Dream’s own hips and his back flush against Dream’s chest.

“And now you’re rubbing your butt on me. God, George, calm down.” Dream is clearly trying to keep his voice steady, sounding about ready to crack and start full on wheeze-laughing.

“I wanna go home, when’s the next plane?” George groans.

“Noo, no, you can’t leave, you just got here~” Dream pulls George impossibly closer by the hand

on his hip, and George wants so badly to make fun of him when he feels Dream's dick half hard against his ass.

"Dream, what the hell," He breathes a laugh, too flustered to fully be snarky. "You're making fun of me for wanting to be your girlfriend, but you're the one getting off on it," punctuates the last word with a wiggle of his hips, pressing harder against Dream.

George also knew they'd end up like *this* sooner or later. They both knew they were attracted to each other in this way, it was obvious, and they'd done... things... together over phone and text, so George knew that it was inevitable that they'd get like this when they met, too. He didn't expect it to happen on the *first night*, and he also didn't expect to be growing hard because of Dream calling him a girl. He's really learning something new about himself.

Dream always managed to exceed his expectations, though.

"Like you're any better off." Dream sounds smug, hand moving from George's hip to rest pointedly just above his waistband.

George makes a noise somewhere between a laugh and a cough, awkward and ashamed that Dream is right. "Don't check."

Dream laughs, too loud behind George's ear, and pushes himself up on his other arm so he's looking down at him. George tilts his head to look up at him, and hates how nice it feels to feel even smaller like this.

He watches Dream's eyes as they look over him, raking over his face, down his body, then back to study his face. He feels a little self conscious, being studied like this, but Dream's fond smile settles him.

"You're so red,"

"Shut up."

"Why are you so red?" Dream teases, and George narrows his eyes at him exaggeratedly.

“Why do you think? You’re being all weird and making fun of me, it’s not my fault.”

Dream smiles, and leans down slowly, placing a gentle kiss on George’s forehead. When he lifts his head again, he’s beaming down at him.

“You’re so pretty.” he exaggerates *pretty*, voice somewhere between sincere and a joke.

George isn’t sure how to process all this sudden intimacy. “Are you just gonna keep calling me girly stuff like a weirdo?”

“Yep, because you like it. And you want me to keep doing it.” Dream says, matter-of-factly. “Guys can be pretty too, though. Don’t be sexist.”

“That’s not what sexist means.” George retorts. “You said girls are weak, you’re the sexist one.”

“What?! No I didn’t!”

“You *inferred* it.”

Dream blanks, and George would feel bad for making him panic if the way his face dropped so quickly wasn’t so funny. George can’t help himself from laughing when Dream starts stuttering.

“No- I didn’t mean- no,” Dream fumbles over his words. “I didn’t mean it like *that*, god, you’re so annoying, George.”

George just laughs harder, eyes screwing shut as he shoves his face in the pillow. He’s glad they can be like this, joke around and be stupid in what seems like a lead up to more intimate things, otherwise George thinks he might pass out from nerves.

He feels Dream’s weight lower down onto him slowly, Dream draping himself over him to shove his face into George’s neck.

Dream’s voice is uncharacteristically quiet when he mutters into George’s skin, “Do you, uh, *like*

me calling you a girl, or no, because I can stop if you're not actually into it.”

George laughs, a little uneasy. He's kinda touched that Dream is taking a moment to check in with this, but he feels too ashamed to think about it.

Dream is waiting though, and he doesn't want Dream to think that he's made him uncomfortable, so he speaks.

“Honestly,” he tries, deciding he'll deal with the embarrassment later. “I never even considered it until you called me your girlfriend literally just earlier. But yeah, I uh, like it I think.” he laughs at himself.

He feels Dream hum against him. “I've awakened something in you?”

“Maybe?” George smiles as he feels Dream's mouth smile, too, and press a kiss under his jaw. “Do you want me to be a girl?”

Dream furrows his brow, and presses another kiss to the same spot, firmer. “I don't want you to *be* a girl. It's not like that,” he starts, but George interrupts.

“No no, I know, I worded that wrong.”

“You're just smaller than me, and it was a random thought when I was holding you. I just thought, like ‘*Oh, this doesn't feel that different from holding a girl*’ , or something- okay, that sounds weird, I promise I don't actually think of you as a girl.”

George can tell that Dream is panicking a little, and smiles. He reaches up to where Dream's head is buried in his neck and pats his hair.

Dream continues. “You're light, so I can move you around easily, and-” He laughs gently, and George threads his fingers through his hair. “It was like, a half joke, but you got all weird about it when I said it, so I kept doing it.”

“Yeah,” George says, because he's not too sure what else to say.

“So...” Dream’s voice is back to his normal self, any trace of discomfort gone. He lifts his head to look at George’s face. George drops his hand back down to the mattress. “You’d like to be my pretty girlfriend?”

George laughs, tipping his chin up, trying to signal to Dream to kiss him. “You’re ridiculous.”

Dream gets the message, bending down, hovering his mouth close to George’s. This close, Dream’s face goes blurry where George is trying to look at him, so he closes his eyes. Instead of closing the gap between their mouths, Dream turns and kisses him firmly on the cheek, laughing and pulling back when George whines.

“Aw, does my cute girl want me to kiss her on the mouth instead?” Dream’s smile is so wide, so infectious that George can’t help but smile back. Despite that, he scrunches his nose at Dream’s words.

“Okay, that’s too much.”

Dream snorts, ducking down and pressing their lips together.

It’s soft, Dream’s lips careful where they move against George’s own, and George melts into it immediately. He’s still on his side, head turned a little uncomfortably to reach, but he hardly notices it as Dream gently drags his teeth over George’s bottom lip. Dream’s grip on his hip is back as he pushes his body into George’s, his hips flush against George’s backside and his chest looming over him. George pulls away, twisting his head to the side to disconnect their lips as he lets out a laugh.

“What?” Dream is smiling, but his voice is confused.

“It’s just,” George gets out, stopping to laugh some more before he can continue. “I felt your dick before we even kissed, oh my god.” He laughs harder as he sees Dream’s eyes go wide and his cheeks flush. Dream drops his forehead to rest on George’s shoulder.

“Okay- that’s-” Dream starts, but starts laughing too. “That’s embarrassing. Let’s- okay, pretend that didn’t happen earlier. Pretend we’re starting now.”

George snickers. “Mhm. Kiss me again.”

Dream lifts his head and looks George in the eyes. His cheeks are still pink, and George bets his own are the same. Dream bends down, and just as their lips are about to meet, George rolls his hips back, pressing purposefully against where Dream is still half hard.

The surprised gasp that comes from Dream’s mouth makes George grin in satisfaction. Dream pulls back a little to glare at him.

“I said to pretend that didn’t happen.” Dream mutters, but presses his own hips forward a little despite himself. George hums.

“Don’t wanna.” George states, shamelessly enjoying how he can feel Dream growing harder against him. He drops and turns his head back to lay against the pillow, purposefully rubbing against Dream as he adjusts himself to be more comfortable.

Dream huffs, dropping back down onto his elbow and leaning down to kiss at George’s neck. George sighs, leaning his head as best he can to give Dream more space.

Dream’s kisses are comforting; his lips soft as they trail from George’s jaw down to where his neck meets his shoulder. George shivers when he feels Dream’s tongue gently swipe against his skin, then feels Dream smile against his skin. His hips get tugged by a large hand, and George keens at the mix of feeling of being handled so easily and where he can feel Dream’s hardness against his ass.

“Mm, that feels nice,” He sighs, letting himself fully relax so that Dream can do whatever he wants.

“What feels nice, this?” Dream licks at George’s neck again. “Or this?” He rolls his hips forward, snickering when George sighs.

“Both,” His voice is quiet, relaxed.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, ‘s good.”

Dream chuckles, and George fights the urge to squirm as it tickles him. Dream’s hand squeezes his hip one last time, before it moves to grip at George’s leg. He slides his fingers round, gliding them over his inner thigh. George’s hips jerk at the foreign feeling. Despite Dream’s touch being over his clothes, his skin there feels sensitive as Dream’s fingers settle.

“God, you’re so cute.” Dream presses a kiss just under George’s jaw, then gently sucks the skin into his mouth. George’s breath hitches at the feeling, then stutters again as Dream’s fingers press and grab at his thigh. He feels Dream smile, the taller pulling away from his neck to look at him.

“I’m only touching you lightly, and you’re all shaky,” George can hear the grin in Dream’s voice, and huffs in response. He wiggles his hips back, trying to distract Dream from making fun of him.

It doesn’t work. Instead, Dream’s hand drifts from George’s thigh up to lightly ghost over where George is hard in his pants. His touch is feather light, but George gasps, hips stuttering. Dream pushes his own hips forward as he runs his hand over George again, a little firmer this time. The whine George lets out is embarrassingly pathetic sounding, and he turns to hide his face in the pillow below him.

“You’re trying to embarrass me on purpose.” George’s voice is muffled as he speaks, but Dream hears him well enough. He whines again as Dream rubs at him, gripping him properly though his trousers.

“No, I’m just touching you.”

“You’re being weird about it.” he doesn’t understand why he feels so breathless already, but he doesn’t want it to stop. He rocks his hips up into Dream’s hand, sighing as Dream strokes over him.

“What am I doing that’s weird?”

George doesn’t respond, just keeps sighing into the pillow as he gently alternates between rocking forward into Dream’s hand and back against his dick. The groan Dream lets out at a particular roll of George’s hips sounds like music to his ears. He presses back harder, trying to make Dream make that noise again. Dream’s hand leaves George’s crotch and he whimpers, shivering as his fingers go back to tracing over George’s inner thigh.

“You have such nice legs,” Dream compliments, noticing how George responds so beautifully to his voice. He squeezes his grip. “They’re so slender, but your thighs are still so soft.”

“Dream,” George’s voice sounds like a plea, for what he’s not sure.

“What does it feel like when I touch here? Your legs get all jittery when I do this.” Dream rubs circles over George’s thigh, inching further in and higher up before moving back down and starting again.

“No one’s ever touched there like that, it’s weird.” George breathes, confused as to why a hand on his thigh is getting him so overwhelmed.

“Weird?”

“Good weird. Different. It’s really nice.” His breath stutters as one of Dream’s fingers traces lightly over where his thigh connects to his hip. “It tickles.”

Dream draws circles there for a moment, before moving up and dipping his fingers just slightly under George’s waistband. He pulls it back and lets go, letting it snap gently against George’s stomach. He takes a deep breath before speaking.

“Wanna take these off?” he asks, voice quiet as he runs his fingers back and forth just over where the waistband sits. “You don’t have to, if this is too fast.”

George pauses for a second, thinking. He’d be lying if he said he wasn’t a *little* nervous about taking his clothes off for the first time, but the thought of feeling Dream’s hands touch his actual skin makes him forget. He nods and shifts, sitting up and pushing his trousers down his thighs as Dream watches from where he’s still propped on his side.

As he’s pushing the fabric down past his ankles, George speaks. “I wanna, um, keep my underwear on. That’s okay, right?” He throws his pants off the edge of the bed and turns a little to peer down at Dream. Dream is smiling fondly back up at him.

““Course.”

George takes this opportunity where he can properly see Dream to touch him, reaching out and ghosting his hand over Dream’s stomach . He tugs his t-shirt up a little, exposing Dream’s lower stomach, and drags a finger down over the line of hair leading from Dream’s belly button and disappearing under his waistband.

“You have a nice body.” George speaks without really thinking, internally cringing at how awkward the words came out. Dream doesn’t seem to find it awkward, though, if the smile and breathy laugh he lets out is anything to go by.

“Your hand looks so small next to mine,” Dream brings his own hand to rest over George’s, and laughs again when George huffs, batting it away.

“Shut up.” George drags his fingers lower, gently trailing down where Dream is hard. He flattens his hand against him, pressing his palm firmly against him, and smirking at the little twitch Dream’s hips give and the breathy gasp it pulls from his lips.

He grips Dream properly through the fabric of his sweats. “Big.” he says, dropping his voice purposefully to sound sweet and soft. Dream groans, and George fleetingly hopes he can get Dream to make that sound again, next time closer to his ear with their skin pressed together.

George lets go, shifting to lay down once again, on his back this time. He goes to reach for Dream, to drag Dream’s arm over to touch him, but before he can he feels a firm hand on his side.

George makes a quiet noise of protest as Dream pushes him to roll back onto his side, slotting them back into the position they were in before. His hand finds its way back to George’s thigh, squeezing and kneading the newly bare flesh.

“Stay in this position, I like it.”

“But I can’t touch you like this.” George frowns, but doesn’t protest much more than that. He can’t stop his leg from trembling at the new sensations as Dream touches him.

“That’s okay,” Dream presses a kiss to his jaw, and George gasps at the feeling of Dreams nails dragging lightly over his inner thigh. He presses his hips back, smiling to himself when he can feel

Dream more firmly against him now he's down a layer of clothing. "I wanna try something, is that okay?"

While he does want to be able to touch Dream himself, he's glad for this position. Dream's bed is comfortable, and he melts into it the same way he's melting into Dream's touches. The softness of the bed and how good Dream's touches feel is making George feel a little sleepy. Letting the taller man do whatever he wants right now sounds perfect.

"Hmm?" he lets out a questioning hum, turning to peer over his shoulder as best he can. Dream's hand slides from the front to the back of his thigh, and George bites back a whimper as his fingers press and pull at his soft skin. He drops his head back down on the pillow. *Why does that feel so nice?*

"I wanted to, uh," Dream sounds a little distracted as he squeezes and strokes over George's flesh. "Your thighs. They're so soft, I wanna feel them around me."

George's fuzzy brain takes a moment to try and figure out Dream's vague wording. "Huh?"

"It's okay if that's too far."

"No, it's fine, I'm just not following." George chuckles, and he feels Dream sigh against the back of his neck.

"I want to- this," Dream mutters, rolling his hips so his crotch presses firmly and purposefully against George's backside. "Between your thighs." he dots a few kisses to George's nape.

George pauses again, before understanding. "Oh!" His voice is more enthusiastic sounding than he meant for it to sound, but he leaves it. "You can do that, if you think it'll feel good."

"It will," Dream's voice is a little strained, and George is glad he's not the only one feeling so needy.

His back feels cold as Dream pulls back. He hears a drawer open and shut, and he looks down as something falls to the bed in front of him. He snorts a laugh when he sees it's lube.

“Don’t laugh, what’s wrong with you?” Dream laughs too, and George feels the bed shift as Dream shuffles out of his sweats.

George sighs in content when Dream lays back down behind him. Dream’s attention is already back on his legs, large hand wrapping around his thigh and tugging like he weighs nothing. George smiles, feels his cheeks go pink at how *big* Dream’s hand looks grabbing his thigh, how much area it covers.

“Your skin is so *pale*, so soft,” Dream coos, digging his fingertips in and letting go just to watch the surface go pink and fade back to white. “So thin, too, I can almost touch my finger to my thumb.”

He’s exaggerating a little, but George bites the inside of his cheek. *Why is that so hot?* He wiggles his ass back, trying to get Dream to get a move on.

“Why are you still in your underwear?” He asks when he feels the fabric against the back of his thighs. Dream shrugs.

“Felt weird to take them off when you’re still in yours.”

“But how are you gonna...y’know.”

Dream pushes himself up to lean over George, pressing kisses to his cheeks and over his eyebrows. “Shh, it’s fine.” He drops back down and pulls at George’s leg. “Prop this up for me?”

George does, placing his foot on the bed with his knee up so his thighs are apart. Dream reaches over to grab the lube, snapping the cap open.

“This might be a little cold, sorry,” Dream apologises, and George jolts a little when Dream’s now cold fingers rub lube over the inside of one of his thighs. It warms after a second, but it feels weird. He jumps again when Dream rubs some over his other thigh. “Sorry, sorry.” He chuckles, not sounding sorry.

He taps George’s knee, getting him to lower his leg back down, and George tries to get used to the feeling of his slick thighs rubbing together. He frowns when Dream wipes the leftover lube off on George’s boxers, over his hip.

“Thanks.” He deadpans, and Dream just laughs, ignoring him.

“You sure this is okay?” He asks, shuffling down a little on the bed so that his forehead is pressed to George’s nape and he can press a kiss between his shoulder blades over his T-shirt.

“Mhm, do whatever.”

Dream kisses him there again, before shuffling a little. He pulls his dick through the hole of his boxers, taking a breath before rubbing the head against the back of George’s thighs, just under his ass.

It feels weird, George thinks, but it’s not bad. He wants to turn around, he wants to watch Dream as he does it, but it’s impossible from this position, so he waits, still as he can be for Dream to continue.

“You’re *sure*? ”

“Yes, Dream, oh my god, stop being all nervous.”

Dream’s hand goes back to the back of Georges thigh, thumb pressing into the skin and grabbing, and George feels the head of Dream’s dick press firmer against him. He shifts his leg a little upward, making a gap, trying to help Dream slide between him easier. He gasps when he feels it, hot and heavy, pushing over the slickness of his thighs. It’s foreign, the feeling, but George wants to groan when he feels Dream’s hips hit his ass.

He lets his leg back down again, properly encasing Dream’s cock between his thighs, and drinks in the stuttered breath Dream lets out. Dream pulls his hips back a little, slowly, and gently rocks forward again. He slides so easily between George’s milky thighs, and he grunts against George’s back.

“How’s it feel?” George asks, squeezing his thighs together lightly for a second, smiling when Dream’s grip on his leg tightens.

“Good. God, hah, I didn’t expect to get this wrecked this quick,” Dream’s voice is a little raspy,

chuckling at himself as he speaks. “You’re so pretty, George.”

When Dream sets a shallow rhythm, pulling back only slightly before pushing back, George looks down. The sight almost knocks the breath out of him. He watches as the head of Dream’s dick pushes through the gap between his thighs then disappears again, hard and warm between his soft legs.

“Oh, that looks, uh,” he chokes a little on his words, clumsy and awkward as he can’t drag his eyes away from the sight. “That’s hot.”

Dream huffs a laugh. “Heh, yeah?”

“Yeah. I feel bad that I’m not really doing much to help, though. I’m just laying here.”

“You’re doing more than enough, trust me.”

When George just grumbles, tightening his thighs in an attempt to feel useful, Dream grabs his hip hard. He thrusts a little harder, jolting George forward slightly when his hips meet the back of George’s thighs.

“Stop, it’s fine,” he says, firm, and George relaxes. His voice drops, gaining confidence in the way George listens to him so easily. “You just lay here, and let me do this, okay?”

“*Dream*, that’s not fair-” George starts to complain, but he cuts himself off with a gasp when Dream’s angle shifts and his cock rubs against the underside of George’s balls over his boxers.

“That didn’t hurt, did it?”

“No, no, it was good, do that again.”

Dream smiles against his back and shifts a little, angling his next forward thrust to rub up against George a little harder. George’s mouth opens in a quiet, embarrassingly high pitched moan, and his fingers clutch hard at the sheets.

The possessive grip on his hip, Dream's increasingly paced thrusts, the way Dream's breathing has gotten shaky behind him, the little groans he's letting out, the wet warmth between his thighs all of it combined has George overwhelmed. The drag of Dream's cock over his own isn't close to enough to get him off, but the little friction it gives feels heavenly. He momentarily wonders if Dream would ever let him do this to him, if he'd let George slick up Dream's strong thighs and thrust his own length between them.

That daydream is short lived, as Dream's hand moves from George's hip to grip him through his boxers. The suddenness of the action has George tensing, unintentionally trapping Dream's dick tighter and drawing out the most attractive noise George thinks he's ever heard Dream make.

Dream grasps him firmly, thumb rubbing over his clothed head and grinning when he feels a little wetness. He nuzzles his face into George's back.

“This good?”

George nods, then remembers Dream can't see his head. “Yeah. Feels like you're, like, uh, fucking me, but not really.” George stumbles through his words, trying to ignore the embarrassment he feels.

“Right? You feel so good,” Dream strokes over George in the same rhythm as his own thrusts. “Your skin is so smooth and soft, are you *sure* you're not a girl?”

George groans, and he hates that he's getting more and more into it each time Dream says something like that.

“‘m not,” He mumbles, unable to protest much more.

Dream's voice is smug. “I dunno, look at you,” He moves his hand up and off of George's dick, tapping his fingers against his stomach. “My hand covers your whole stomach.”

George squirms, hips stuttering at the loss of friction. He watches as Dream rucks his t-shirt up to his ribs, exposing his abdomen. His blunt nails gently drag over the skin, and George arches into it. He moves his hand to George's waist, squeezing it and smiling at the way George's body shifts, unsure how to handle the sensations.

“Your waist is so tiny, too. You have the figure of a girl.”

It’s not entirely true. George is slender, sure, but he wouldn’t describe his body as particularly *feminine*. His body hair is naturally dark like the hair on his head, though maybe it’s only really visible on his arms and the bottoms of his legs rather than his thighs, and it’s thin where his happy trail is, but he’s got it at least. His hips are pretty narrow, not flaring out too far from his waist, and the tendons and veins on his hands are more prominent than most women’s are. Despite all of that, George finds himself keening at Dream’s words, loving how small and cute he’s making him feel, how Dream’s strong, long fingers wrap so easily around his body.

Dream’s hand leaves his waist and trails feather light under his t-shirt and over his ribs. George fight’s the urge to squirm away at the ticklish feeling, not waiting to hurt Dream where he’s still pressed between his legs. His hand moves higher, until it settles on his chest.

“Could be bigger here, though.” Dream jokes, and presses his palm flat over George’s lack of breast. He knows it’s a joke, but George pushes his chest out into Dream’s hand, as if trying to give him something more to grab. Dream laughs quietly at him, thumb moving to gently swipe over George’s nipple.

“Ah-!” George yelps, startled. He didn’t expect to feel anything, good or bad, from that movement, but his back arches again on its own. It feels weird, but he decides he likes it when Dream repeats the movement, his breath stuttering. Dream pinches his nipple lightly between his thumb and finger, gently tugs on it, and George moans outright.

“Wow, I was joking, I didn’t think you’d actually get anything out of that,” Dream laughs, disbelief clear in his voice.

“You’re telling me,” George breathes. “I don’t understand why this feels good.”

“It’s cute, though.” Dream tugs again. “I’m so lucky to have such a cute girlfriend~”

George opens his mouth to complain when Dream lets go, but stops when he feels Dream’s fingers skirt under the waistband of his boxers.

“Can I touch you?”

“Yeah, please,”

Dream pulls back, and George hears him uncap the lube again, squirting a little into his hand. He's a little impressed by Dream's ability to pay this much attention to George while his own cock is still lazily thrusting between George's thighs.

George clamps his mouth shut, a whine forcing its way out of him as Dream dips his hand under his waistband and loosely grasps his cock. He feels like he should be embarrassed by how much of his dick Dream's hand covers, but he only grows needier at noticing yet another size difference between them.

He's grateful for the lube on his cock, the wetness feeling amazing as Dream's strokes him slowly. On an upward stroke, Dream rubs his thumb over the slit, feeling a little bit of pre-cum stick to his skin.

“Dream,” He pants, “Feels good, feels good,” Dream has only just started touching him directly, but George already feels like a wreck. He doesn't know why he's talking, but he can't stop himself. “Please, it's good,”

“I'm glad,” Dream puts more force into his hip thrusts, smiling when George gasps. “You sound so perfect, George, you make such nice noises.”

Dream adjusts his grip on George's dick and starts getting him off firmer, timing his hand with his hips. George's mind goes blank when he feels the head of Dream's cock bump his balls again at the same time his hand rubs over his tip.

“Fuck, it's so good, I can't,” He's sure he sounds stupid, babbling like this at a handjob and a dick between his thighs, but he doesn't care right now. Dream's hips and thighs hitting against his backside on his forwards thrusts makes him shiver. “Really feels like you're fucking me, it's so much.”

“Yeah?” Dream's voice drops to almost a whisper. “Would you want me to do that, at some point?”

George blanks, and can only whine in response. It's a lot to think about right now when he's already so overwhelmed.

“Is that a yes? You wanna be a good girl for me so much that you’d let me fuck you?” Dream’s smile is clear in his voice, clear he’s not taking what he’s saying too seriously, but George notices how Dream’s hips stutter a little and how his breath is getting more raggedy. It all goes straight to George’s dick, and he feels himself getting close already.

“Nngh, maybe,” Is all George can manage, and he bites his lip when he hears Dream moan behind him.

“God you’re perfect.” Dream breathes, quickening his hand and making George’s hips buck.

“Please, I’m almost-” George cuts himself off with a groan. Dream really is good with his hands, he thinks, his breath shaky as he gasps.

He feels Dream nod against his back, before the bed shifts just a little and Dream is propping himself up on his arm again to peer down at him. His hips slow as he focuses on getting George off.

“Good, good,” Dream encourages. “So pretty, can’t wait to see you cum. Bet you look beautiful.”

“What about you?” George’s voice is quiet, barely a whisper, as he turns his head to look up at Dream through bleary eyes.

“You first.”

George starts a complaint, but Dream twists his wrist in such a perfect way that has him screwing his eyes shut and whimpering. He brings his hands up to grasp at his own t-shirt, needing something to ground himself as he feels his orgasm building.

“I- I-,”

“Shh,” Dream coos, gentle, and George’s thighs start to shake as he feels his orgasm hit. His mouth drops open, and he pants out quiet little moans as he cums. Dream’s slick hand continues working over him, and George barely registers the praises that he’s muttering into his ear as his pleasure washes over him.

“So good, so hot,” Dream’s voice is quiet where he’s pressing kisses across George’s face. “Such a pretty little thing.”

He shakes, dragging in shuddering breaths, and it feels like his orgasm lasts forever. When Dream’s hand finally slows to a halt and is removed from his boxers, he cracks open his eyes.

“Nngh,” he tries, but he’s still too breathless to make words just yet. He settles, and smiles when Dream’s (gross, sticky,) hand grips at his hip again and starts trusting his hard cock between his thighs again.

“You’re so perfect,” Dream’s voice is raggedy, and George feels pride swell in him knowing that it’s *his* fault that Dream is like this.

He reaches back as far as he can, arm a little awkward, and lays his hand atop Dream’s head. He cards his fingers through his hair, tugging gently at the strands.

“On me, cum on me.” he whispers, breath still shaky. George feels his face heat up as he says it, embarrassed, but it’s worth it for the loud, beautiful moan Dream lets out and the way his fingers flex against his hip. “You’re so hot, Dream.”

Dream’s thrusts grow faster, harder, and despite having already cum, George finds himself gasping at the feeling. He feels so good right now, the drag of Dream’s cock between his thighs and the way his movements are rocking him slightly on each forward thrust feeling perfect in his post orgasmic haze.

He knows Dream is close when his thrusts get a little erratic, and he can feel him panting against his shoulder. He twirls a strand of Dream’s hair around his finger. George wants to help him along.

“Please, cum on me, Dream.” He plays up his voice, pitching it a little higher than usual, making it a bit whiny. He squeezes his thighs together a little tighter. “You feel so good in me.”

“God, George,” Dream groans, and if George hadn’t just cum, he’s sure the way he said his name just then would’ve gotten him hard.

His thrusts grow sloppy, and George whines at the loss when Dream pulls out from his thighs completely, his hand leaving George's hip. He turns to look over his shoulder at Dream, wondering why he stopped, when he feels the head of Dream's cock rub against the back of his thighs. Dream gives a firm kiss to his shoulder as he quickly strokes himself, panting as he works himself over.

He presses just his tip between George's thighs as his hand speeds up, and he gasps as he finishes, cum painting over the back of George's bare thighs and a little up onto his boxers.

George pets his hair through it, scratching lightly at his scalp as he comes down. He listens to Dream catch his breath. Dream shifts to tuck himself back into his boxers, before reaching back over George's body, placing his hand over his chest and snuggling against him. George lets out a happy sigh as he's hugged against Dream's chest, and they lay together like this for a moment, comfortable.

When George's brain finally clears properly, he pulls his hand back, and turns in Dream's grip so they're facing each other. He presses his face into Dream's chest, clutching gently at his t-shirt.

“You doing okay?”

Dream hums in response, wrapping his arm up around George's back to pet at his hair. “Yeah, ‘m good. Really good.”

“Good. Me too.” Shifts his legs a little, and grimaces as he feels the mess of lube and drying cum still there. “My legs are all gross, though.”

“Sorry,” Dream smiles, not sounding all that sorry.

George is tired, ready to melt into Dream's warmth and fall asleep. He hears Dream giggle when he lets out a yawn, face rubbing against the soft fabric of Dream's top.

“So, just to get this out of the way,” Dream starts awkwardly, and George lifts his head, craning his neck to try and look Dream in the face. “That’s not gonna be like, weird now. We’re, like, a *thing*, right?” Dream is looking down at him, face a little red, an uneasy smile on his face.

George just gapes up at him for a moment, eyes flicking over Dream's features, before he bursts out a laugh, shoving his head back into Dream's chest.

“Don’t laugh at me, what the hell!” Dream complains, pouting, but he’s laughing too. “I just want to make sure we’re on the same page!”

“We’re a *thing*, yes.” George teases. “If you want to be.”

“*No, I don’t*. Fuck you, George.” he would find Dream’s giggle cute if he wasn’t being a sarcastic ass right now, so George just thumps his fist against Dream’s chest, sighing in annoyance.

He’s glad that Dream is the one to bring it up. He’s not too good at voicing his own feelings and what he wants, and he knew that if he tried, it’d end up awkward and embarrassing. The way Dream handles things, though, is perfect for this situation he thinks. The way Dream can make anything feel normal and play stuff off, the way he’s so easy going, the way he makes sure that what he’s saying is being understood in the way he intends, it’s good for George who is too nervous to be vulnerable.

Laying like this, cuddling in comfortable silence, George feels happy. He feels himself start to drift off when Dream talks again.

“So, you’re *actually* my girlfriend now?”

George is silent. He doesn’t need to look up to know that Dream is grinning, to know that he’s holding back a wheezing laugh. He breathes in deeply through his nose, letting it out slowly through his mouth.

“You’re such an idiot. I hate you.” He knows he sounds stupid, that Dream can tell he’s embarrassed. Dream’s words would’ve made him a little weak earlier when he was all needy, but now that his brain isn’t in it’s cringey, horny state, George just wants to die. “We are never bringing that up.”

“Aww, come on!” Dream sounds giddy, happiness seeping through his voice. George groans at how Dream seems to take joy in making him uncomfortable. Dream threads his fingers through George’s hair, scratching lightly at his head. “You were getting off on me calling you that a minute ago, what happened?”

“We are *not* talking about it.”

“Why not? You had enough of being a pretty girl?”

George thumps his fist against Dream’s chest again, harder this time. “We’re forgetting that ever happened.”

Dream just chuckles, drawing George closer. “Okay, okay.”

George settles, letting himself be held. He’s not sure he’ll ever be ready to accept *that* new discovery he’s made about himself, no, it’s way too embarrassing, so he just shuts his eyes and relaxes against Dream. He almost drifts into sleep again when he gets a thought and he snaps his eyes open.

“Don’t you dare say anything weird like that around Sapnap. I’ll actually kill you.”

Dream bursts out into laughter, loud above George’s head.

“Oh my god,” he wheezes. “Okay, I hadn’t thought of doing that, but now I just might have to,”

“I swear,” George lets out a groan, suddenly dreading their friend’s arrival. “He’d never let me live it down. I’d rather die.”

Dream is still laughing, but he pats at George’s head reassuringly. “I won’t, I won’t, I promise.”

“You better not.” George grumbles, and leaves it at that. He’s not sure he really believes him, but he’s getting more and more tired by the second, so he decides to just let sleep consume him.

It’s been a *long* day.

## End Notes

yo, drop a comment if u liked it or whatever, id super appreciate it!!

jst a disclaimer bc i get nervous posting this sort of thing, the way their dialogue is written isn't meant to be demeaning or in any way misogynistic. i wanted to write it more natural sounding than what ive read, and i imagine two guy's who have only really dated girls before each other would probably go about it in an awkward way like this lol.

hope u enjoyed!!! lmk if u did lol <3

EDIT PLS READ PLS: hey so im editing bc i saw a lot of different people on twitter saying this fic is gross and fetishizing mlm. i understand if u think its gross, the kink isn't for everyone, but i am a pretty effeminate gay man. this fic i wrote based off of personal experiences. i saw a lot of people saying that the fic was saying "lol george small and weak that = hes girl!!!!" and that really has upset me because i tried, and i thought succeeded but i guess not, to show that the way this kink was written was jokingly. this fic opens saying that george is not small and that it's mostly just a joke since he just looks small in comparison to other bigger people. this fic has both george and dream repeatedly acknowledge that what they're doing and saying is weird. i wrote this in a way that i felt was more realistic to how feminization would go down between two men who previously assumed themselves to be straight. i know u cant look into my mind and know exactly my intentions, so maybe that is why there was some mix up. i mentioned over and over the ways that george wasn't a girl, wasn't even actually stereotypically feminine at all, and how they were playing up a joke gone too far, just going with the moment. it's okay if u find it weird that i made dream call him a girl. that's fine! u dont have to like it! but i am a little hurt that people seemed to read this, but not read the parts where it's clear that dream doesn't think of him as a girl, that he's joking, that he's just saying words that get a reaction. anyway ive rambled too much. ur fine to not like this fic, or any of my fics, but please think twice before saying something is harmful or fetishizing. my twitter and pronouns have been on my profile since i posted this, it takes 2 seconds to see that im a gay man. remember that you are allowed to dislike things, but just because they make you uncomfy, doesn't mean they are harmful overall. thank u

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!